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1874

1874 Dec 12

GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA.

Opera-Bouffe, in Three Acts.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MM. ALBERT VANLOO AND EUGÈNE LETERRIER.

BY

C. O'NEIL.

THE LYRICAL PORTION BY

CAMPBELL CLARKE.

THE MUSIC BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

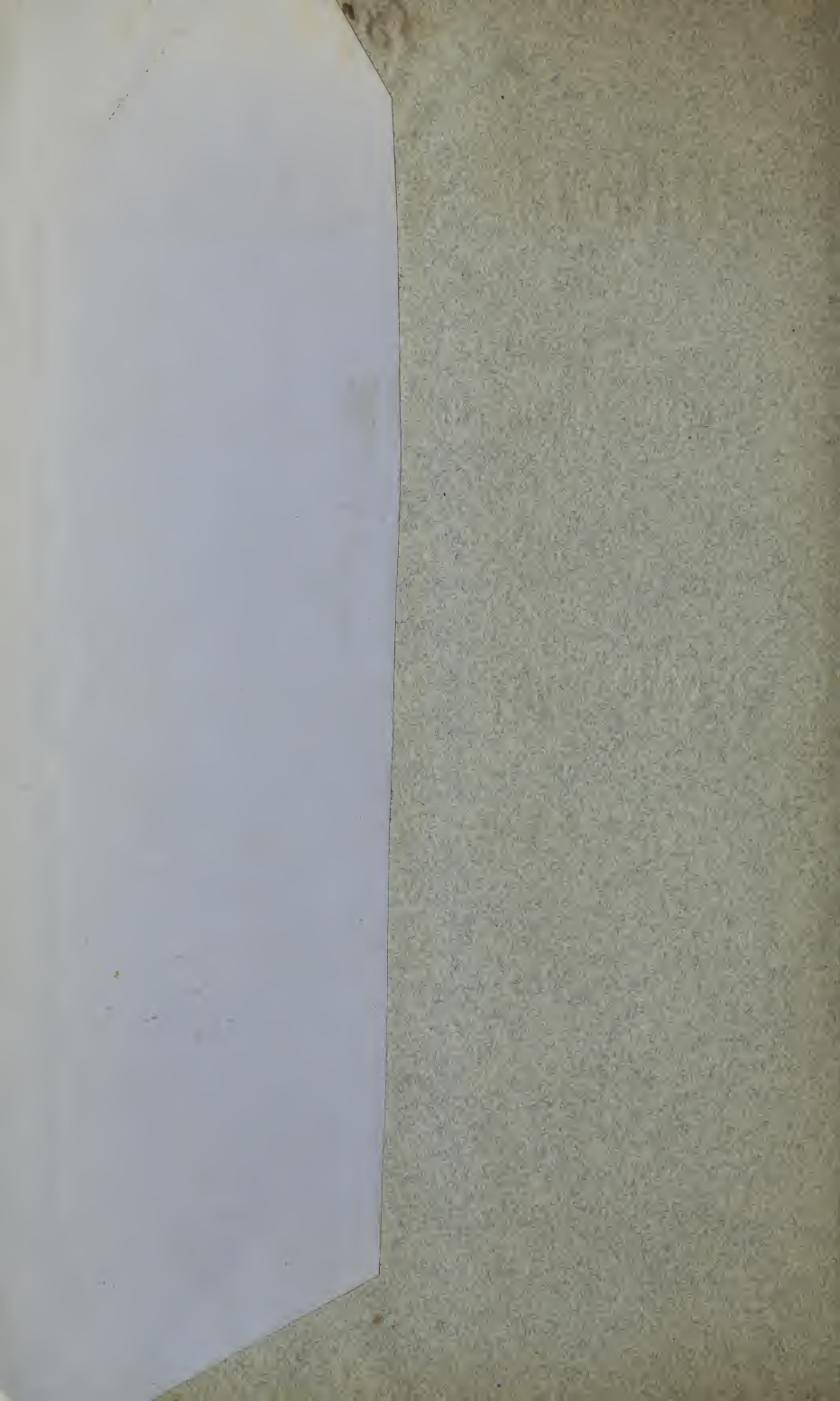
As performed at the Royal Philharmonic Theatre, London.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:

ENOCH & SONS, 19, HOLLES STREET, W.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIROFLÉ }
GIROFLA } (Twin Daughters of Bolero and Aurore)

AUORE (Wife of Don Bolero)

DON BOLERO D'ALCARAZAS (Governor of a Spanish Province)

MARASQUIN (betrothed to Giroflé).....

MOURZOUK (Chief of the Moors, betrothed to Girofla)

PAQUITA (Attendant of Giroflé and Girofla).....

PEDRO (a Page, in love with Paquita)

Pirates, Moors, Cousins, Guests, Bridesmaids, Pages, &c.

WINTER SEASON, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 19th, 1874,

With a large

OPERATIC & PANTOMIMIC COMPANY

Complete in every detail.

The Christmas Piece will be the CO MIC
OPERA of

CINDERELLA

The Music by BOSSINI and others,
With a new and ingenious ending in the form of a

PANTOMIME.

The Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Meyer
Lutz, will consist of 40 Picked Instrumentalists.

The Ballet under the direction of Mr John D'Anban

The Dresses by the Gaiety Costumiers.

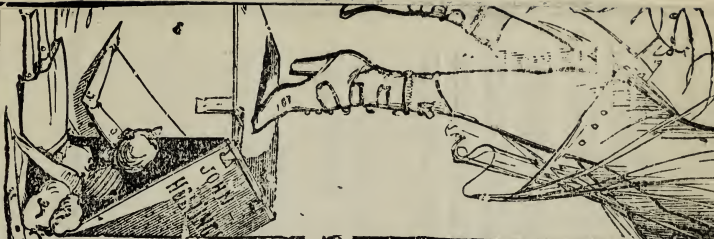
The Scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.

The Chorus will be large and efficient.

The front of the House will be arranged with the
greatest regard for the comfort of the Visitors.

The Prices will be fixed on a very moderate and
popular scale.

Hours of Performance punctually from 7 to 11.



Alfred J.

July 26, 24 Ge 87, Spence *July 56, 24 Ge 87, Spence*

THE GAIETY PROGRAMME

SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER ...

... MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD

GAIETY MORNING PERFORMANCES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

Doors open at 2. Commence at 2.30, carriages at 5.

At 2.30 will be presented the Grand Comic Opera, in Three Acts, with New and Splendid Scenery, Gorgeous Costumes and Appointments, entitled

GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA

The Music by C. LECOCQ.

Translated and Adapted from the French of Messieurs VAN-LOO and LETTERIER, by C. O'NEIL, Esq. The Lyrical portion of the Opera by CAMPBELL CLARKE, Esq.

THE WHOLE ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY MR. SHEPHERD.

Don Bolero d'Alcarazas	...	(a Grandee of Spain),	...	Mr. E. M. GARDEN
Maraschino	(Son of a Cadiz Banker)	Mr. W. HENRY FISHER
Mourzouk	(a Moorish Prince)	Mr. EDMUND ROSENTHAL
The Padre	Mr. JOHN MURRAY
Giroflé	}	Miss JULIA MATHEWS
Girofla				
Paquita	Miss JENNY PRATT
Pedro	Mdlle. MANNETTI
Aurora	Miss H. EVERARD

Powerful Chorus and increased Band.

Conductor and Musical Director M. RIVIERE

BOLERO'S PALACE ON THE MOORISH COAST.

Moorish Chamber in the Palace.

A GRAND SALOON.

ALL
THE YEAR
ROUND

NO FEES

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,

Sole Lessee and Manager of the Gaiety Theatre,
Strand, will open the above Theatre, for the



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GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA.



ACT I.

Gardens of Bolero's Palace. A low wall runs level with the back of the stage, beyond which is seen the Sea. Marble steps figure R. and L., leading to practicable terraces. R. and L. are Moorish Pavilions.

Chorus of Men and Women. Enter Attendants, Bridesmaids, &c.; then Pedro, Paquita, and Bolero.

CHORUS.

Let our voices be glad,
Let us dance, let us play,
Not a face must be sad
On this bright, happy day.

Enter Pedro and Paquita (and Bridesmaids carrying presents).

See what the gallant bridegrooms send to their lovely wives ;
Cared for so tenderly, how happy their future lives !

What a fine basket ! what a beauty !
These gentlemen have done their duty.

Paquita. And right they are ; in married life
Such gifts ensure an ever-smiling wife.

Pedro. And now I have good news to tell. Attention !
My gracious master bids me mention—
That you may fête this happy day,
He gives you all a holiday.

Chorus. Bravo ! bravo !

Pedro. And now amuse yourselves as best you may ;
But mark my master's valediction,

Far from here the women must not stray.

Chorus. But why this interdiction ?

- Pedro.* The pirates abound on this desolate shore,
And the wretches elope with fair maidens galore.
Women. Wretched pirates! What are they?
Paquita. What are they? Listen to my lay.

BALLAD.

I.

The sun has sunk behind the clouds,
And all is dark and still and calm;
The air is fresh, the solemn waves
Intone their old melodious psalm.
But see, from out the twilight sombre,
From out the slowly dark'ning air,
Strange shadows rise with threatening gesture;
Strange shadows rise—beware! beware!
Stay not to scan their strange attire,
Their beards unkempt, their arms of gold,
Run for your lives, nor look behind,
For these are the pirates bold.

Chorus. Beware! beware! &c.

II.

And how do you think these pirates live,
And how with gold they fill their den?
They lay in wait for pretty girls,
And sell them all to naughty men!
So if your sweethearts you would marry,
Take heed, take heed, oh! maidens fair,
Whene'er you near the sea-shore tarry,
Of pirates bold, beware! beware!
Stay not to scan their strange attire,
Their beards unkempt, their arms of gold;
Run for your lives, nor look behind,
For these are the pirates bold.

Chorus. Beware! beware! &c.

Pedro. There's Bolero; now, pray be silent;
To your places, quick—faster! faster!

Chorus. Now all be silent, now all be silent;
For here comes Bolero, our master.

Enter Bolero.

Bolero. Right well, right well;
Eyes right, heads back, and shoulders straight;
You've only me to imitate;
Right well, right well.

SONG.

I.

What a happy day
 For a father kind,
 When a rich and gay
 Husband he can find
 For his only child
 Of sweet sixteen,
 Her heart unbeguiled,
 Her temper serene.
 Never yet a parent
 Had so much ado,
 Never more a parent
 Did his duty true ;
 You see a happy father
 Who's just got rid of two.

II.

Don't indulge in laughter,
 If I here complain,
 To have an only daughter
 Is a constant pain ;
 Tell it not my wife,
 If I whisper you,
 Very much more painful 'tis
 When you've got two.
 Watching o'er their partners
 Is an awful bore,
 Dress them in the fashion,
 Still they ask for more.
 You see a happy father, &c.

And now depart ; come, clear out all ;
 But mind you return in time for the ball.

[Repeat 1st Chorus.—Exeunt all, except Pedro, Paquita, and Bolero.

Bolero. Now let me once again peruse my list, that nought may be forgotten.

Paquita (to Pedro). Here's Don Bolero, Pedro ! Hem !

Pedro (to Paquita). I say, don't be stupid.

Paquita (to Pedro). Speak.

Bolero. Who's there ? Ah ! you Paquita !—What's the matter ?

Paquita. It's Pedro, Sir.

Pedro. 'Tis Paquita. I'm quite in a flurry.

Paquita. If you remember, Sir, when first you took Pedro into your service, 'twas agreed that, should he prove efficient as a cook, he might look forward to my hand!

Bolero. Indeed! Come here, young man. Your dishes are most vile.

Pedro. But, Don Bolero, love, as you know, is an upsetter of man's actions, and a dinner before the fire requires undivided attention. No man can cook and love at the same time. If you marry us, love being satisfied, gastronomy will not be neglected, and your digestion will sing at the approach of dinner.

Paquita. Do, Sir, marry us, if only for the sake of your digestion.

Bolero. I wonder that you have not more feeling for your master than to worry him on the day of his daughter's marriage.

Paquita. Their approaching happiness sets us longing.

Bolero. Address yourselves to my wife.

Paquita. What! Madame Aurore! One might as well speak to the wind.

Pedro. For she's nothing but bluster and noise.

Bolero. Would you speak disrespectfully of your mistress? Pedro, 'tis an ill wind that blows good to nobody.

Aurore (calls). Bolero!

Bolero. Here she is.

Pedro and Paquita. Then we're off! (*Exeunt Pedro and Paquita.*)

Bolero. That's the effect my wife's appearance always produces. By Jove I hope I've not forgotten anything.

Aurore (enters). Why didn't you answer before? One would think I was brazen-tongued Madame Angot.

Bolero (aside). I sincerely wish you were, for you'd be in the provinces.

Aurore. Have you done all I told you?

Bolero. I have done all that you told me, (*aside*) but I've not told her all that I've done.

Aurore. Have you called on the Padre?

Bolero. Yes, dear.

Aurore. How about the dinner?

Bolero. Ordered.

Aurore. And the musicians?

Bolero. Cooking beautifully. No, no, I mean the dinner. The musicians are ordered.

Aurore. You have forgotten nothing.

Bolero. Well, that's something.

Aurore. How lucky you are to have such a blessing as a wife like me.

Bolero (aside). Unfortunately, one does not always appreciate such blessings.

Aurore. You can never be too thankful. For what would you be, you Prince de Polka, Duke de Fandango, Marquis de Mazurka, without me? You're horridly dull.

Bolero. True.

Aurore. Senseless—idiotic—with the brain of a gander and the courage of a mouse!

Bolero. True!

Aurore. And yet you're a Prince!

Bolero. Well, my dear, one cannot be everything.

Aurore. The King favours you with his confidence.

Bolero. And borrows my purse.

Aurore. Your neighbours fear you.

Bolero. Because they don't know me.

Aurore. Your subjects love you.

Bolero. Because I've annulled the Permissive Bill, and allow them to keep their houses open at all hours. Believe me, I'm very grateful.

Aurore. Have you ever proved yourself so? For example, eighteen years since this very day, when, as a dutiful wife, I presented you with a double proof of my affection.

Bolero. Yes, yes, Giroflé and Girofla.

Aurore. Well, on that day did you, I ask, evince the slightest appreciation of so remarkable an event?

Bolero. Well, my dear, you must admit that twins——

Aurore. Twins!—Oh, you're glad enough to have them now. What would have become of you now but for my forethought in the matter?

Bolero. True; but I am not so prophetically gifted.

Aurore. Here, on the one side, you owe four millions to your bankers—Maraschino and Co. If not met, you will be sued.

Bolero. Speaking frankly, we are not worth a sou.

Aurore. On the other side, you have a neighbour—Mourzouk the Moor—who carries fire and sword throughout your provinces. A man without a penny, owing four millions to boot, has not the means of placing himself upon a respectable footing.

Bolero. To use a homely metaphor, "we're up a tree."

Aurore. You had been but for me. Maraschino and Co. have a son, unknown to us, 'tis true. Mourzouk was single. What did I do? Ran to the Stereoscopic Company, and had my children photographed. Sent the *cartes* of Giroflé and Girofla to Marasquin and Mourzouk. The matches were concluded, and the double event comes off to-day.

Bolero. That is if the girls are pleased with your choice.

Aurore. They would be glad of anything that would rid them of the pink and blue to which they have been condemned these 18 years. Hush, here they're coming to kiss you before dressing for the ceremony. As a father you should address a few words of advice to them. I have written down a few admonitory instructions which you can give them.

[Gives him a paper.]

Enter Giroflé dressed in blue, with her Bridesmaids also in blue.

COUPLETS.

Giofflé. Turn not away, here's *Giofflé*,
 Come like a dutiful daughter ;
 Tell her, I pray, what shall she say,
 When comes the husband who has sought her.
 Marriage, a serious business they say,
 Holds in its chain our future life,
 Never again in her maiden array
 Shall you see *Maraschino's* wife.
 Soon will her husband's voice call her afar,
 Soon will she hear his accents true ;
 Then, when the husband replaces mamma,
 Tell her, papa, what shall she do.

Aurore. Now, *Bolero*.

Bolero. My dear *Giofflé*, at this solemn moment in the life of a young woman, when she is about to enter the married state——

Giofflé. Well, papa, there's no occasion for you to get into such a state.

Bolero. Unfortunately, I can't get out of it.

Giofflé. Go on, Papa.

Bolero. I cannot give you more appropriate advice than you will find here. (*Gives her a paper*). Read it, my child.

Giofflé. Article 212, "The obligations of man and wife are reciprocal. The husband should protect his spouse, the wife obey her lord."

Aurore. This, my child, is the law, but the ways of interpreting it are many. By and bye I will show you which is the best in a woman's point of view.

Bolero. And you may safely follow your mother's interpretation ; her acquaintance with marital law is marvellous, as I have experienced (*aside*) to my cost.

Giofflé. Poor Papa! (*Aside.*) Yet I suppose I shall lead my husband a similar life.

Aurore. And now, dear, go and dress.

Giofflé. Dear, dear Papa.

[*Exit.*

Aurore. And me, *Giofflé*, am I forgotten? (*Giofflé returns—embraces Aurore.*) Courage, my child. To think that I was once like her.

Bolero (*aside*). An extraordinary stretch of imagination. *Aurore*, you will make her late.

Aurore. Go, my child.

[*Exit Giofflé.*

Bolero. Now for the other.

Enter Giofflé in pink, Bridesmaids in pink also.

COUPLETS.

Girofla. Dearest papa, here's Girofla,
 Come like a dutiful daughter ;
 Tell her, I pray, what shall she say,
 When comes the husband who has sought her.
 All the beginning I've long learned by heart,
 Oft and oft I've rehearsed my part ;
 Proudly the bridegroom his bride will discover,
 Modestly veiled, her face she will cover ;
 Bridegroom will bring me home, Ma will boo-hoo,
 Breakfast will follow,—long speeches, too.
 Yes, but what comes then, when all this is over ?
 Tell me, papa, what then must I do ?

Bolero. My child, my dear Girofla, at this solemn moment in the life of a young woman——

Girofla. Is it so very dreadful ?

Bolero. When she is——

Aurore. In short, my dear, your father has just given your sister a few words of advice on paper, which you may peruse with profit while dressing.

Girofla. Yes, mamma. [*Exeunt Girofla and Bridesmaids.*]

Aurore. Bolero, what's the time ?

Bolero. Half-past eleven.

Aurore. And our sons-in-law will be here at twelve. You have time to go and meet them. On your way to the station, call at Admiral Matamaros', and remind him that he is to take ship to-day in pursuit of those horrid pirates who infest our coasts.

Bolero. I had quite forgotten the gentlemen. Last week they carried off twelve maids, one widow, and two wives.

Aurore. And some fine day their chief will fancy me.

Bolero (aside). Their chief is not so fanci-fool

Aurore. What's that ?

Bolero. I merely remarked that he's not such a fool.

Enter Marasquin (he holds a card in his hand).

Maras. Pardon.

Aurore. La ! how he frightened me. I thought it was a pirate.

Maras. (reading a card). Don Bolero d'Alcarazas——

Bolero. The same.

Maras. Prince de Polka . . .

Bolero. That's me.

Maras. Duke de Fandango . . .

Bolero. That's me.

Maras. Marquis de Mazurka . . .

Bolero. That's me.

Maras. Et cetera.

Bolero. Et cetera, you will excuse me, but I haven't a moment to spare.

Aurore. You must look in another time—to-morrow!

Maras. But I can't look in to-morrow!

Aurore. That will be your look out.

Bolero. My dear young man, to day our daughters' weddings take place—you understand?

Maras. Well I hope I do; seeing that I'm to be one of the principal parties in the ceremony. Allow me. [*Gives card.*]

Bolero. Marasquin?

Maras. At your service.

SONG.

I.

My father is a banker old,
Whose name is known in every city,
His signature's as good as gold;
He signs too seldom, more's the pity.
Your daughter's too fair to be poor,
Her life, as her face, should be sunny,
In marrying me she's always sure
To have her pocket full of money.
I could not, if I would, be mean,
Nor keep a strict economy,
For I am the son of Maraschin,
Of Maraschino and Company.

II.

My father bade me ne'er forget
To follow his experience ample,
And now I'll make you any bet
I'll profit by his good example.
If once a year you come to see
That we get on still andantino,
To welcome you there'll always be
Another little Maraschino.
I could not, if I would, be mean, etc.

Bolero (aside). Here's a pretty go! A man to whom I owe four millions.

Aurore. Really I am quite shocked. (*To Bolero.*) It's all your fault.

Bolero. Mine!

Aurore. Certainly. The idea of sending people away without allowing them time to explain their business. But you will excuse us, wont you? The fact is, never having seen you, we —

Bolero. We didn't know you at first sight.

Maras. Don't mention it, pray. (*Kisses Aurore.*) My dear mother-in-law. (*Kisses Bolero.*) My dear father-in-law.

Bolero (aside). A remarkably well-behaved young man.

Maras. Where is Giroflé?

Aurore. Dressing for the ceremony.

Maras. Then we are to be married at once. Ah!

Bolero. Yes. We are only waiting for our other son-in-law.

Maras. Mourzouk! Have you not received a letter?

Bolero. What letter?

Maras. He was about to set out when he was seized with a dreadful toothache, which he is afraid will prevent his putting in an appearance to-day.

Aurore. Then we must postpone the ceremony.

Maras. Nonsense! I am here; then there is but one wedding to adjourn.

Aurore. Our daughters being twins must both be married as they were born.

Bolero (shocked). My dear!

Aurore. That is on the same day!

Maras. But Mourzouk and I are not twins.

Bolero. There is another more cogent reason. Twin breakfasts have been ordered, by which some fifty per cent. is saved, and economy with me takes precedence of everything.

Maras. But what have I to do with your economy? I am interested in your daughter, not your purse.

Aurore. And you shall have her to-morrow.

Maras. But I want her to-day.

Bolero. My dear Sir, you surely can restrain your feelings till to-morrow.

Maras. My feelings, Sir, like your economy, take precedence of all. If I am not to be married to-day, I shall return home by the next train—after having insured my life. My father shall know the way you have treated me. To-morrow our drafts for four millions shall be presented.

Aurore. No, no, my dear Marasquin; (*aside*) the thought of that draft makes me turn cold. It's all your fault again.

Bolero. My dear woman——

Aurore. Don't woman me, Sir. Don't be afraid; you shall be married to-day. Why don't you go and inform Giroflé of her intended husband's arrival?

[*Exit Bolero.*]

Maras. My dear mamma. (*Kisses her.*)

Aurore. That will do, my son. One may have too much of the best of things.

Re-enter Bolero.

Bolero. Here is my daughter. (*Aside.*) This will cost me sixty francs at least; but four millions! Phew!

Enter Giroflé, Pedro, Paquita, and Chorus.

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS.

Chorus. The wedding-bells begin to play ;
 O, happy lovers, haste away.
 Blissful moment, sunshine-lighted,
 When youth and peerless beauty meet ;
 When, in roseate bonds united,
 Lovers their happiness complete.

Aurore. Your husband, daughter !

Bolero. Your wife, my son, your blushing bride !

Giroflé. What sudden transport fills me !

What joy—what sudden joy divine !

Bolero. What think you of your bride ?

Maras. Oh, dear ! my heart goes pit-a-pat ;

In vain I try hard to dissemble ;

I'm sure I must look like a flat—

And I'm all over in a tremble.

The cold is running down my back,

My head is gone gathering wool,

In speech I've lost my happy knack—

I'm sure I must look like a fool.

Don't you think with me

Maidens are to blame,

Making such a game

Of a youth's timidity ?—

What an awful shame !

Giroflé. To speak to him I do not dare,

I'm sure I should stammer and stutter ;

As soon as I saw him appear

I felt my heart all in a flutter.

The magic of his smile had slain,

Ere my heart had time to beware,

She flutters now her wings in vain ;

The bird is caught fast in the snare.

Don't you think with me

Young men are to blame,

Making such a game

Of a maid's timidity ?—

What an awful shame !

Aurore. But where's my other daughter ?

Paquita. She's dressing for the wedding !

Bolero. All right, then ; we must wait.

Maras. No, no, I will not wait.

Tell her to follow to the altar straight.

Chorus. Blissful moment, sunshine-lighted, etc.

[*Exeunt all.*]

The pirates rise from behind wall, advance, and sing.

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

Of all the charms of our profession,
 There's none that needs so much discretion,
 In carrying out a plan well laid,
 As when we want to bear away
 A tender, timid, trembling maid,
 Who falls in our way.
 Now Girofla, the little dear,
 All unsuspecting will soon be here ;
 Whene'er she comes we must be sly,
 And bear her off ere she can cry.
 But in all this we must use care,
 And treat with due respect the fair.
 Hush !—Not a breath !—
 Be still as death !
 Of all the charms, etc.

(*They hide. Then enter Girofla, wearing pink ribbons, and her Bridesmaids.*)

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Make haste ; lost time we must recover.
 Make haste, and to the church repair.
 The ceremony's almost over ;—
 There's not a moment left to spare.

[*The pirates appear. Maids fly off.*]

Giroflé. The pirates ! Oh, dear ! Oh, the wretches !
Chorus. Behold her safe in our clutches.
Pedro. { Have no fear, I'm here !
 (*advances*). { Look out, ye slaves, I'll make ye bellow !
Pirate. Let some one take away this fellow !
 Be silent all—no noise—no cries ;
 Lest after all we lose our prize.
Chorus. Of all the charms, etc.

[*The pirates carry off Pedro and Girofla.*]

Enter Paquita.

Paquita. What do I see ? Pedro and Mdlle. Girofla carried off by the pirates ! Poor dear Pedro ! What's to be done ? (*bursts into tears*). Help ! help !

Enter Bolero.

Bolero. Where can Girofla be ? Ah ! here's her maid !

Paquita. Ah ! if you only knew !

Bolero. The chances are I should be the wiser.

Paquita. Pedro has been carried off by pirates (*through her tears*).

And—Gi—ro—fla—

Bolero. What! Girofla?

Paquita. Oh, yes! I saw them both. They are still in sight.

Bolero. What ho, there! Stop! Thieves! Help! Police!

Paquita. Call out the Fleet.

Bolero. What use is it in flight?

Paquita. Then call out—Madame!

Bolero. O Girofla, my child! To-morrow's sun will find my daughter.

Paquita. Where?

Bolero. I wish I knew. Mourzouk will have arrived, and I, undone, for I've no wife to give him. Hush! here's my wife—stand close.

Aurore enters, greatly agitated.

Aurore. So here you are. I send you to look after Girofla, and I find you with her maid.

Bolero. What do you mean? Ma—dam!

Aurore. Don't swear, Sir, at me.

Bolero. One cannot always contend against fate.

Aurore. Especially if fate be young and handsome.

Bolero (in a solemn tone). Man's life is a pilgrimage!

Aurore. And a pretty specimen of a pilgrim you are!

Bolero. To-day the sun shines. All looks bright and happy—when suddenly a dark cloud scuds across the sky. Pirates arrive.

Aurore. Pirates!

Bolero. Aurore!

Aurore. Ha!

Bolero. Oh!

Aurore. No more. I divine it all. They have carried off my child.

Paquita. Pedro, too!

Aurore. But no! it cannot be! You would never have allowed—

Bolero. My dear, I—

Aurore. Inhuman parent! You have sacrificed your child!

Bolero (in a terrible excitement). Sacrificed the—cat! I'm bruised and beaten well-nigh to a jelly! Fight! You should have seen me. Ask Paquita. She saw all. I slew—I don't know how many; and, after fighting like Achilles, I succumbed to numbers.

Aurore. You should have fought till death.

Bolero. Ah! that thought didn't strike me.

Aurore. A pretty mess we are in—and all your fault, as usual.

Bolero. But I say No!

Aurore. Keep your Noes for Mourzouk, for he'll surely pull it when he comes to-morrow for his wife.

Bolero. What is to be done ?

Aurore. Let Matamoros make sail at once. Ere night he may re-capture Girofla.

Paquita. And Pedro.

Aurore. Away, then, quickly ! We've not an hour to lose.

Bolero. I fly !

Aurore (drags Bolero). Come on !

Bolero (drags Paquita). Come off !

[*Exeunt.*

[*Shouts of "Long live the Bride," &c.*

Enter Marasquin, Giroflé.

Maras. Thanks, friends, thanks.

DUO.

Giroflé and Marasquin.

<i>Giroflé</i>	{	All is over ; we are married ;
<i>and</i>		I to you, and you to me.
<i>Maras.</i>	{	Why to marry have we tarried ?
		Ah ! how nice, how nice 'twill be !
<i>Maras.</i>		If a stranger should endeavour
		To persuade you, with a sigh,
		You could break this marriage tie,
		And our future life could sever,
		Tell me how you would reply.
<i>Giroflé.</i>		I should say, Too late you've spoken,
		What is bound cannot be broken,
		All that's done is for the best.

If some jealous, spiteful beauty
Should to make you hate me try ;
If my truth she did deny,
And accuse my want of duty,
Tell me, what should you reply ?

Maras. I should say, Too late, &c.

Giroflé. Isn't it droll, Marasquin, to think that we are now man and wife.

Maras. Not after Mr. Wilkie Collins's idea.

Giroflé. Mr. Collins's idea is all a fiction ; ours, I hope, all affection ! A nice distinction, Marasquin.

Maras. And a difference. We belong mutually one to the other.

Giroflé. I am afraid you'll find me rather an expensive luxury, at least so Pa says.

Maras. And pray what does Pa know about it ?

Giroflé. All; he gave me full instructions this morning.

Maras. What may they have been?

Giroflé. Firstly, I am to obey you in everything.

Maras. Quite right.

Giroflé. In reason; that is to say, when your demands are in keeping with my inclinations. This is an emendation of mamma's.

Maras. I thought so; the idea is too bold for your Papa. Emendations are seldom any improvement upon the text. Now for the second item.

Giroflé. Secondly, I am never to contradict you.

Maras. Quite right.

Giroflé. Excepting when your ideas are antagonistic to mine. Thirdly—perhaps you don't want to hear any more?

Maras. Go on, love.

Giroflé. I am to consult you in everything.

Maras. Quite right.

Giroflé. Everything except such matters as I may deem beneath your judgment. Shall I go on?

Maras. No, dear, we'll adjourn the reading till after the honeymoon. Do you know that I am of a timid disposition?

Giroflé. Very shy, aren't you?

Maras. Yes, very.

Giroflé. I thought so

Maras. What made you think so, little puss?

Giroflé. Because I've noticed that in general men who are the most conceited are the most shy.

Maras. I'm afraid I shall sometimes stand in need of a little management.

Giroflé. Oh you shall have it, dear, My orders are to obey, and this comes within my idea of a reasonable demand.

Maras. Suppose I were to ask you for a——

Giroflé. For a——

Maras. For a kiss?

Giroflé. Is that all?

Maras. Only a little one, a tiny little little one?

Giroflé. Oh dear! you need not be so ardent in your request. You shall have half-a-dozen if you like.

Maras. (Kiss.) You angel.

Giroflé. Hush! here's papa.

[Enter *Aurore*, *Bolero*, and *Paquita*.]

Aurore. There's one thing off my mind. Matamoros has engaged to restore *Giroflé* before bed time.

Bolero. Yes, upon the promise of 10,000 piastres.

Aurore. 10,000 pie-crusts! I'd have promised him a million, rather than disappoint that ferocious Moor to-morrow. [Trumpet.

Bolero. What's that?

Paquita (on Terrace). His Highness Prince Mourzouk.

All. Mourzouk! Impossible!

Bolero. Good bye, dear Marasquin. [Going, but is met by Moors.

CHORUS OF MOORS.

Make way, ye slaves, and let us pass ;
 From distant regions we have come ;
 As fierce as fire, as bold as brass,
 With admiration you're struck dumb.
 See our shining scimitars flashing,
 See our splendid uniforms dashing,
 Have you e'er seen such an invasion ?
 Have you had such a sensation ?
 When with gold our coats we bedizen,
 As we pass by
 Women all cry :

Mour.

Such noble fellows we ne'er cast eyes on.
 'Tis I, Mourzouk ! Good day ! Good day !
 Let's waste no time. Hast ought to say ?
 The less you say, the less I stay ;
 The less you say, the sooner I'm away.

Chorus (repeat). Make way, &c.

Enter Mourzouk.

Mour. (to his attendants). Vanish ! *[Exeunt Moors.*

Giroflé (aside). What a Turk !

Bolero (aside). I begin to feel uneasy.

Mour. Well, is this a Quakers' meeting ? *[Stamps— all tremble.*

Giroflé (aside). It's more like a Shakers' meeting.

Mour. Have you lost your tongues ? Is it thus I am received ?
 Where is my father-in-law ?

Bolero. I am the father-in-law. *(Aside.)* I wish I was farther indeed.

Mour. Ha ! you are father-in-law. What have you got to say for yourself ?

Giroflé. To whom are you talking, you ill-bred savage ?

Mour. What !

Bolero. My daughter was speaking to me.

Giroflé. Indeed, I was . . . *[Aurore stops her.*

Mour. (to Bolero). Come here ! Nearer !

Bolero. The fact is . . . I . . . you . . . we did
 not expect you here to-day.

Mour. I changed my mind. Are you sorry ?

Bolero. O dear, no ! so glad !

Mour. I'm glad to hear it ; I hate sorrow. Nobody's ever sad
 about me.

Giroflé (aside). I should think not.

Mour. Never allow it ; never mean to *(stamps)*.

Bolero. We were under the idea that you were confined to your
 room with your teeth.

Mour. So I was, but they're all out. No more jaw . . . Where's
 my bride ! *(To Giroflé.)* Ah ! there she is.

Giroflé. Your Highness does me too much honour. I'm not the lady.

Maras. Madame is my wife.

Giroflé. And Monsieur is my husband.

Bolero. Yes, this lady, you observe, wears a blue ribbon ; your wife has a pink one.

Mour. Where is the pink ribbon ? Let me see her at once.

Bolero (aside to Aurore). What's to be done ?

Aurore. Don't ask me. You're the head of the house.

Mour. Answer ! Where is the pink ribbon ?

Bolero. We did not expect you to-day. *Girofla* is——

Mour. What ?

Bolero. Asleep.

Mour. Go ; wake her.

Giroflé. It's not the custom here.

Bolero. To-morrow you shall see her as soon as you like.

Mour. To-morrow ! There's no such word in my vocabulary.

Aurore. You know what young girls are ?

Mour. I fancy I do.

Giroflé (aside). Ugh ! the brute.

Aurore. We told *Girofla* that the ceremony would not take place before to-morrow. Filled with this idea, she went to sleep, and to awaken her to her wedding would be ——

Mour. Rubbish ! To-morrow I start for Brighton, where I shall visit the Octopus.

Bolero (aside). We must gain time. What would you say to a wedding at midnight ?

Mour. I'll be married at once.

Bolero. It cannot be.

Mour. Cannot ! Can-not ! Just repeat that, will you.

Bolero. I repeat it—It cannot be.

[*Mourzouk draws his dagger.*]

Bolero. No, no ! (*To Aurore.*) What am I to say ?

Aurore. I don't know ! It's your affair, not mine.

Mour. Am I to be married ? Yes or no !

Giroflé (to Bolero). Humour him ;—say yes.

Maras. Do let him have his way.

Aurore. Say yes ! Do as you're bid.

Bolero. It's all very well to say yes ; but you know I can't.

Mour. Lend me your ear. Don't fear, it won't come off. I'll go upstairs and wax my moustache ! In five minutes I shall be back, and if my bride is not ready, you may say good-bye to your wife.

[*Exit.*]

Bolero. I am lost !

Maras. I'll go and calm him. Meanwhile, tell *Girofla* to get ready.

Mour. (returning). Five minutes, you understand !

[*Exit with Marasquin.*]

Bolero. Five minutes—300 seconds!

Giroflé. There is a deal of useless fuss about very little. Papa has only to comply with Mourzouk's request;—and I see nothing particularly outrageous in it.

Bolero. Of course you don't. If your sister were here, I would sacrifice her in a moment.

Giroflé. My sister not here?

Aurore. Alas! no.

Giroflé. What has happened? Tell me at once.

Bolero. Ah! my child! She has been carried off by pirates.

Aurore. And very likely at this moment she is ticketed for sale or hire at the market place of Constantinople.

Giroflé. Among the "objets de vertu" and "articles de luxe." My poor sister!

Bolero. Your poor father, you mean. Think of this wild beast who will return in a few moments to devour us.

Giroflé. To devour you, papa. Papa, pray don't include us in the repast.

Aurore (*picks up Giroflé's ribbon*). Here is the poor child's rosette.

Bolero. Would they had cut her beau!

Aurore. Happy thought! Why not? Giroflé, come here. How pale you look! your complexion suffers from this ribbon. This agrees with you much better. There! you are quite altered (*takes off blue ribbon, puts on pink ribbon*).

Giroflé. But this is Giroflé's.

Aurore. It was; now it's yours. You must replace the daughter I have lost.

Giroflé. I don't understand.

Aurore. Now you're Giroflé; you must marry Mourzouk. Everything will be settled to the satisfaction of everybody.

Giroflé. Except the one most interested.

Bolero. Is no other alternative left us?

Aurore. None.

Giroflé. Nonsense! Am I not Marasquin's wife?

Bolero. Well, the fact is——

Aurore. Never mind facts; with you they're chimeras.

Giroflé. But excuse me——

Aurore. We will after the ceremony. This evening Matamoros will have restored your sister; we will then make the necessary exchange. Mourzouk and Marasquin will be none the wiser.

Bolero (*aside*). Egad! my wife would on 'Change——

Giroflé. But I shall have two husbands.

Aurore. One for each hand.

Bolero. Like a pair of gloves.

Giroflé. I may not be able to get them off when I wish.

Bolero. 'Tis a privilege that falls to the lot of a twin.

Giroflé. What, to have two husbands! If it be so, surely she is at liberty to choose her partners.

Bolero. But it will only be till Matamoros returns.

Giroflé. But Matamoros may never arrive.
Aurore. Nonsense, child! Do as you're told.

COUPLETS.

I.

Giroflé. Hast forgot how you said, this morning,
 To my spouse I must submission pay;
 And his word—don't forget your warning—
 In everything I must obey.
 To show you all respect expedient,
 I promised all his will to do;
 But if I am to have husbands two,
 To which am I to be obedient?

II.

There's no question that both the claimants
 Should o'er me have the same control;
 Of this property both the tenants,
 It is my duty to console.
 But this, perhaps, were inexpedient;
 If both my husbands differed still,
 Determined each to have his will,
 To which am I to be obedient?

Aurore. Collect yourself.
Bolero. And prove that you are equal to the occasion.
Giroflé. Unnatural parents! I will rise above it.

Enter Mourzouk, Marasquin, Paquita, Chorus.

FINALE OF ACT.

CHORUS AND SEXTETT.

Chorus. Now's the day and now's the hour
 Hymen proves his magic power.
 None so strong they dare defy;
 None so sweet but must comply.
 Hymen sure is in the air—
 Lo! here comes another pair.
Mour. Dost remember what I said,
 My respectable papa?

- Bolero.* I paid the best attention
To all you were pleased to mention ;
And here I bring you Girofla,
Let me present you Girofla.
- Paquita.* Girofla ! what on earth does this mean ?
Mour. Beauteous Girofla. Eh ! by my father's turban,
How like she is to Giroflé.
- Maras.* How like she is to my wife !
Giroflé. Woe betide us ! Woe betide !
Maras. Introduce me, father-in-law,
To the sister of my bride.
- Bolero.* Girofla, your brother-in-law ;
Marasquin, your sister-in-law.
- Mour.* You'll not refuse to be my best man !
Maras. Most heartily, brother, I approve your plan.
- Paquita, Bolero, and Aurore.* } He has to give his own wife away !
Mour. Then come, my beauteous bride,
To church let's haste away.
- Maras.* But stay a moment ; where's my Giroflé ?
Aurore. She'll join us yonder by and bye.
- Bolero.* To church, to church ; I'll lead the way.
Chorus. The wedding bells begin to play, etc.

[*Procession.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

A Moorish saloon in Bolero's house.

Bolero (discovered with telescope at window). Naught can I see but ocean. In my eye there's nothing but one vast expanse of green. What's this? At last! A sail I do descry? No!

Enter Paquita.

Paquita. What news, sir?

Bolero. None. In the ordinary course of things one has too many daughters. Sons-in-law are at a premium. But with me nature has not dealt beneficently. I have unfortunately not enough daughters to meet the demand.

Paquita. It is now four hours since Matamoros sailed.

Bolero. And I am still alone. Things are growing desperate. In the hope of Girofla's return I have promenaded my sons-in-law till their feet ached, and all to no purpose. Paquita, I'm undone.

Paquita. Where, Sir?

Bolero. Everywhere. Even the stitch I had in my side has left me, and a child might fell me with a hem! Every minute I expect to see my sons-in-law, and there is a batch of young cousins just arrived as full of mischief as kittens, clamouring to see the brides. You are a woman, what would you do in my place?

Paquita. Well, never having been a father, I am quite at a loss.

Bolero. So am I—were my wife here now, she might—What's that?

Paquita. 'Tis the guests?

Bolero. I guessed as much.

Enter Guests and Cousins.

Chorus of Guests.

Pray accept our congratulations,
On this most auspicious day,
Right you were to send us invitations,
First rate knife and fork we play.

Notary. The Notary am I!

Groomsman. As Groomsman I appear!

Lawyer. The Lawyer's clerk am I!

Bolero. I'm sure you all are welcome here.

Uncle. I'm the rich Uncle, let me mention,
And that's the reason why they pay me such attention !

Godfather. And I am the Godpapa.

Godmamma. And I am the Godmamma.

Both. This entertainment you'll find rather dear.

Young Man. To dance quadrilles is my career.

Bolero. I'm sure you're all most welcome here.

Cousins. And we are all the cousins of the bride.

We're gay young sparks,

We're up to larks ;

To care and sorrow woe betide !

For we're invited to make fun

Of everything and everyone.

Bolero. The sight of these young rebels makes me queer,

I'm sure you're all most welcome here !

Chorus. Pray accept, etc.

Enter Marasquin and Mourzouk.

Maras. Thanks ! friends, thanks !

Mour. Well, Father-in-law !

Bolero. I'm your most humble—Ah ! à table ! à table !

Mour. Allow me one moment. The company is not complete.

Bolero. Not complete ? I don't miss anybody. Oh ! of course,
my wife. (*Calling.*) Aurore !

Aurore (*without*). All right !

(*She enters.*)

Bolero (*aside to Aurore*). And Giroflé ?

Aurore (*aside to Bolero*). Hush ! she's in her room. I've locked
the door. Silence ! We are observed. Gentlemen, the ladies wait.

Mour. 'Tis me who wait. I want my wife.

Maras. And I mine.

Aurore. They'll be here in a second.

Mour. But sixty seconds make a minute, and sixty minutes make
one tired. I start to-morrow morning.

Bolero. There's plenty of time between this and then.

Aurore. A table !

[*Exeunt.*

All. A table !

Aurore (*to Bolero*). Go you after them. I will remain here.

Bolero. Nay, darling, after you.

Aurore (*pushing Bolero*). Go, go, leave me the glass. (*Taking
the telescope*).

Bolero. I'm going.

Exit.

Aurore. Oh ! what a husband ; no courage, no wit. 'Tis no
reason that all must be lost because Matamoros is not to his time. He
can't now be far off. Let's see.

Enter Bolero, with his napkin round his neck.

Bolero. Aurore! Aurore!

Aurore. It's you! is it?

Bolero. Things can no longer go on thus. There they are shouting for their wives.

Aurore. Go tell them they shall have them.

Bolero. I have told them so. They've swallowed my promises with their dinner, and they've had a surfeit of both.

Aurore. Bah! [Exit.

Bolero. Leave me the telescope. I am between the horns of a dilemma. Poor Giroflé stands thus between two husbands. . Nothing but sea as usual. (*Giroflé enters.*) Giroflé!

Giroflé. 'Tis I. I've had enough of imprisonment for one evening at least.

DUETT.

Giroflé. Papa! I'll not stand this any more.

Bolero. My darling child, have pity, pray,
Have pity on your Pa's dismay.

Giroflé. I'll not stand this any more!

Bolero. You're becoming quite a bore!

Giroflé. My dear Papa, you're much mistaken,
Your wits you have forsaken,
If you imagine still
That I wont have my way and will;
To keep me shut up there!
I wonder how you dare!
Escape I've vainly tried,
For I to-day was made a bride;
Pray why should I be shut up idle,
And not allowed to see my own bridal?
With Maraschino, what have you done?
A wife should be by her husband's side.
We might as well have longer tarried,
We might as well have ne'er been married.
'Twas not to live alone

That I to-day was made a bride.

Bolero. My patience now you sorely try,
You make your poor old father cry!

Giroflé. Don't dear me! You hold me cheap enough, it seems.

[Calls of "The Brides! the Brides!"

Bolero. Hark! they're calling for the brides.

Giroflé. Well, I'll go!

Bolero. No, Giroflé! If they see one, they'll want the other.

Aurore (entering). We are lost! They will not hear reason. (*Sees Giroflé.*) What, Giroflé! Away! quick! hide yourself. They are at my heels.

Bolero. Who?

Aurore. Our sons-in-law. Here! in here! (*opening a small door*).

Giroflé. What! in this cupboard?

Aurore. In this cupboard, love!

Giroflé. I'm too well *bred* for that! What have I done?

Bolero. Nothing, my dear; only if you're seen here, there'll be a nice to-do.

Aurore. Quick! quick!

Giroflé. My mother! [*They put her into the cabinet.*]

Marasquin enters, seeing Giroflé.

Maras. What's this? Ha!

Aurore. Marasquin!

Bolero. 'Twas a close shave!

Enter Mourzouk.

Mour. Ha! ha! we've had enough of this.

Maras. Be calm!

Mour. Yes! when I've scalped yon hoary-headed old hypocrite!

Maras. Persuasion is better than force.

Bolero (aside). I think I shall go.

Aurore. What is the matter?

Mour. The matter-r?

Maras. Well, the fact is, here we are married since this morning.

Mour. And not allowed to have a second look at our wives. What do you think we were married for? Do you think we married your daughters for the sake of your company!

Maras. Plummed up with promises that we should see our wives at dinner.

Mour. And here we are at dessert! We'll end this!

Maras. What is your answer?

Aurore. My dear good gentleman, your impatience is excusable. I really can't understand why my daughters have thus held themselves aloof. I'll go and find them.

Bolero (quickly). Yes, I will go with you.

Aurore. We may be some time.

Bolero. Their room is so far off, you know.

Maras. Are you quite sure they are so far off? Suppose we were just to open yonder door!

Bolero (aside). He has seen all!

Mour. By the beard of Mahomet! what is the meaning of all this? Our wives are there! [*Goes to door.*]

Aurore (at the door). No, no, my dear son-in-law. Listen to me, and I will tell you all.

Mour. No more fabrications!

Aurore. Mourzouk, Marasquin, I beg of you! You know what it is to be a mother.

Bolero (aside). What on earth is she going to tell him?

Aurore. My daughters are treasures of innocence.

Maras. Well, we hope so!

Aurore. The fact is there is a dozen or so of young scapegraces of cousins here, who have come with the sole purpose of amusing themselves, and, as our children are so susceptible, we decided that to avoid these gay young relatives they should dine alone in this room, where they will remain for the evening.

Bolero (aside). That's a master stroke!

Mour. The whole of the evening?

Maras. No, she's only joking.

Bolero. Not at all, my dear Sir, you understand . . .

Mour. This is beyond endurance! [Stamps.

Enter the Guests.

Guests. What's the matter?

Mour. They refuse to let us see our wives!

Maras. We are told they will be kept close the whole of the evening.

Aurore. We have the right to do so if we like.

Maras. and Mour. Not at all!

The Cousins (interposing). One moment!

Aurore and Bolero (aside). It's all over now.

Fernand. We don't object to your forbidding your sons-in-law to open that door, but we wish it opened to us!

Aurore and Bolero. To you!

Fernand. To us!

Gusman. We've not yet kissed the brides.

Aurore. The brides?

Gusman. Certainly, it is the custom here.

Bolero. Egad, the cat is out of the hamper.

Aurore. I cannot allow it, it's a stupid custom, and you, my sons, will you allow it?

Maras. Certainly, since to kiss one's wives that door must be opened!

Mour. And we'll see that kissing goes no further.

Bolero. But it is quite out of date—no longer in fashion.

Maras. Then it should be, for to kiss a woman never was a sin.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Maras. Fools may jeer, and prigs may prate,
About our fathers' customs bold,
Never will we underrate
The manners of the days of old.

I.

On his wedding day, the husband
 Should not lightly take offence ;
 He should laugh at others' envy,
 For jealousy is want of sense.
 If a suitor kiss his bride,
 Or put his arm about her waist,
 He should take the compliment
 As a tribute to his taste.

Chorus. Fools may jeer, etc.

II.

Don't suppose for such a trifle
 I should ever interfere,
 If my wife should kiss her cousins,
 Do you suppose I'd shed a tear ?
 So my father, open quickly,
 Let them at your daughter peep,
 Since they say it is the custom,
 Good old customs we will keep.

Chorus. Fools may jeer, etc.

Fernand. Now I hope you're effectually silenced. Music in this instance has not only charms but reason also. Now for the door !

Aurore. No, no. (*Places herself before the door.*)

Bolero. Stand back !

Fernand. Ha ! ha ! Away with him.

[*They lift Bolero upon their shoulders and cry Victory ! Dance music heard. All cry The Ball ! the Ball commences !*]

Bolero. At last. (*They sing and they dance off to the following chorus*) :

Hark, the gay and festive measure
 Wakes us from a lazy trance,
 Joyful echoes, strains of pleasure,
 Bid us all to join the dance.

Aurore. Lose no time, but take your places.

Bolero. Lose no time, begin at once.

(*Chorus repeat.*)

Aurore and Bolero. Let's begin to dance at once.

Maras. Excuse me, but I want my wife.

Maras. and Mour. This is shameful, most disgraceful.

[*All dance off.*]

Chorus. Hark the gay and festive, &c.

Enter Giroflé from the Cabinet.

Giroflé. Nobody here ! So much the better. Let me collect my thoughts. Firstly, who am I ? Giroflé, the wife of Marasquin ! Am I sure of this ? Was I not married to Mourzouk a few hours

since as Girofla? That was as proxy for my sister! But how if my sister never returns; the Moor believes me Girofla; is sweet upon me. Do I not owe duty to him? I wonder what is going on within. 'Tis strange that I am the only one who does not dance at my own wedding. Ah! here's my father! I will demand an explanation.

Bolero (entering out of breath, still dancing). At last! I have shaken off that Marasquin. I've left him iceing himself at the buffet.

Giroflé. What! Ice himself on his wedding day. Would you beget a coolness between us?

Bolero. Don't talk, child.

Giroflé. Talk! Where is my husband?

Bolero. Which of them? You forget you have two!

Giroflé. The brute! O mon père!

Enter Aurore out of breath, sinks in chair.

Aurore. Ouf! I am well rid of Mourzouk; what a man to dance! I've left him tête-à-tête with one of our guests, and I'm glad to escape.

Giroflé. Mamma!

Aurore. Don't, my child; I'm tired.

Giroflé. So am I of being——

Bolero. Shut up!

Giroflé. Exactly! Surely I have a right to be present at my own wedding.

Aurore. Women have no rights at all until they have children.

Giroflé. Right or wrong, I'll seek my husband, Marasquin. Don't try to stay me; if you do so, I'll scream.

Enter Paquita.

Paquita. Oh, Mr. Bolero! Pedro is here, in a beautiful uniform. He comes with news from Admiral Matamoras.

Bolero. Where is he?

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Here he is!

QUINTETT.

Pedro. The gallant sailor Matamore
Will soon your Girofla restore.
Thanks to his valour, often tried,
Fierce Mourzouk will regain his bride.
Giroflé. To tell us don't delay—
How did you get away?

Pedro. No sooner had the pirates seized us,
 Than they took both of us in tow ;
 They raised a shout of fierce derision,
 And they raised the anchor also.

All. An awful tale, most sad to hear ;
 Terrific fate—we shake with fear.

Pedro. We made up our minds to die,
 So hopeless seemed our wretched state,
 Poor Giroflé began to cry,
 Thinking of her impending fate.

Giroflé. Began to cry !

Paquita. Began to cry !

Bolero. Began to cry !

All. Thinking of her impending fate.

Pedro. But all at once amidst our wailing
 A ray of hope illumines our fate,
 We see a distant vessel sailing,
 And bearing down upon us straight.

All. A ray of hope amidst their pain,
 A distant sail, we breathe again !

Pedro. I jumped into the waters white,
 For danger cared I not a song,
 I swam along with all my might
 Until I came the ship sidelong.

Giroflé. He swam along.

Aurore, Bolero. He swam along.

All. He swam along,

Furious stormy waves among.

Pedro. O great surprise, I recognize——

Bolero. You recognize——

All. Matamore !

All. The gallant sailor, etc.

Aurore. Then the Pirates——

Pedro. Matamoros must have now come up with them. A cannon shot was to be the signal that the fight had begun.

Aurore. The signal of victory !

Bolero. Of course !

Pedro. Within an hour your daughter will be in your arms.

Bolero (to Aurore). Ah ! my love, within an hour. (*To Giroflé.*)
 Our child. [*They embrace.*]

Paquita. { *Pedro !* }

Pedro. { *Paquita !* }

[*They embrace.*]

Giroflé (to Bolero). Don't hug so, you know I can't bear it.

Bolero. Beautiful sight !

Giroflé. Affecting to the husband, wife, and child.

Aurore. But why has not Matamaros attacked them 'ere this ?

Pedro. He is waiting for something. In fact it is that he has sent me here for.

Bolero. Ah! What is that?

Giroflé. A demonstrative pronoun!

Pedro. You promised him a reward of 6,000 piastres.

Bolero. Certainly; and he has still our promise.

Giroflé (aside). Not a very marketable security.

Pedro. But he would rather have the money, if you have no objection.

Giroflé (aside). The Admiral has a wonderful amount of sagacity.

Bolero. What! in advance?

Giroflé. Of course. He's not a Rear-Admiral.

Pedro. He sent me here for the money, without which he will not budge an inch.

Aurore (to Bolero). He has outwitted us. Bolero, we must pay, we cannot help ourselves.

Bolero. Then who will help us? Pedro, I suppose he must be paid. Come.

Aurore (to Giroflé). And you, Giroflé, don't stir from this—

Bolero. 'Till the cannon sounds. We must be cautious.

[*Exeunt Bolero, Aurore, Paquita, and Pedro.*]

Giroflé. I musn't move! I musn't speak! But I may hear and see. Hark! how delightfully the music sounds. There are my husbands dancing, or rather reeling one against the other. Papa has been too lavish of his wine! Ah! that reminds me, I have tasted nothing. (*Goes to sideboard.*) Here is a bottle! Clicquot! A widow! but her weeds are golden. How like a woman is Champagne! When young, kept downstairs, our too buoyant spirits kept in check, quite in the dark, seeing no company till we mature. How we fret and fume in vain against the cords that bind us. Then comes the wedding. (*Opens the bottle.*) Pop! what a change! Here we are dancing, singing, sparkling, bewildered in the blaze of marriage, feasting! But, alas! how soon we settle down into the dull insipid state of matrimony. I'm moralising over Clicquot. Come, old lady, though you're widowed, you are lively still. (*Drinks.*) Ah! here's a duck, just the thing!

[*Eats and Drinks.*]

Enter the Cousins.

All. Hush!

Giroflé. A remarkable leg this duck had, he must have travelled greatly.

Fernand. A lady all by herself. 'Tis Giroflé. We'll have some fun! (*Giroflé about to drink again, they catch her arm.*) You must not drink, it's past twelve! Don't be angry.

ENSEMBLE.

Fernand. Good appetite, good appetite.

Giroflé. My cousins here?

Fernand. Don't let us interfere,
We appreciate your delight.
You did not know we were so near.

- Giroflé.* But, if Papa comes here ?
Fernand. Never fear !
 Eat and drink, never fear,
 My fair cousin,
 Here's a pigeon-pie, I'll give you some.
Giroflé. But, if Mamma should come ?
Fernand. Eat and drink, never fear,
 My fair cousin.
Giroflé. What fun it is, what awful fun,
 To breakfast on the sly,
 How neatly my parents I've done.
Fernand. We've gained the victory,
 Bolero we defy,
 Now's the time for some punch !
Giroflé. For punch ?
Fernand. There's naught can compare with well-brewed punch
 For finishing up an excellent lunch.
Giroflé. No, no, I dare not touch your punch !
Fernand. Taste you must, my cousin fair.
Giroflé. Indeed ? If I must, well, then,
 The punch I'll light !

DRINKING SONG.

- Giroflé.* See how it sparkles, this drink divine ;
 But all its lustre our eyes outshine.

I.

In the heart of this goblet fragile,
 How the frolicsome bubbles play !
 From the depths of its fragrant bosom
 There arises a rich bouquet,
 That lovingly wreathes its aroma
 Your passionate senses around,
 Till you live in a world enchanted,
 Where golden-winged visions abound.

- All.* See how it sparkles, &c.

II.

There's no sweet in the world to measure
 With the juice of the golden vine ;
 There's no delicate new-born pleasure
 That can rival the rapture of wine.
 Then let's not fear its fragrant perfume,
 Good wine's been defamed too long ;
 For if it steals away our reason,
 It gives us laughter, love, and song.

- All.* See how it sparkles, &c.

Fernand (aside to the Cousins). She's . . . (*touching his forehead, intimating inebriety*).

Giroflé (giddy). Very warm, isn't it? Suppose we open the window, after that?

Guest. Do; and what do you say to a quiet dance upstairs, all to ourselves—eh?

All. Yes! yes?

Giroflé. Dance! I'll spin! Wait a bit. Papa said I was not to. Pooh! Absurd! En route!

Fernand. This is superb! They'll wonder where the bride has gone!

[*They extinguish lights, and exeunt.*]

Enter Aurore and Bolero.

Aurore. All's well now! Pedro has set out with the money. What's this? Dark! Bolero, where are you? Ah, you're there. What means this darkness?

Bolero. Absence of light, dear!

Aurore. Don't be a fool, Giroflé!

Bolero. Giroflé!

Aurore. Was that you?

Bolero. Yes!

Aurore. Don't shout out again—Giroflé! No answer? Quick Bolero, get a light!

[*He exits and returns with a light.*]

Bolero. Giroflé!

Aurore (looks into cabinet). Not here!

Bolero. Giroflé!

Aurore. Ah, the open window! This strange mysterious darkness, Bolero! They have taken away our child!

Bolero. Who? who?

Aurore. Who?—the pirates!

Bolero. Pirates! It is impossible! To think that this morning only I was the father of two lovely girls, and now my paternity is nil.

Aurore. And midnight is fast approaching. Hark!

(*Clock strikes twelve.*)

Bolero. There it is!

Aurore. And here are our guests!

FINALE, &c.

Of Guests and the Characters.

- All.* First-rate, first-rate, excellent wine,
 Never have we drunk liquor more divine ;
 Let us drink your jolly good health,
 Wishing you all happiness and lots of wealth.
- Maras.* We're come to remind you that it's near midnight,
 Time appointed to set matters all aright.

(Noise.)

- Chorus.* What on earth is that ?
- Paquita (enters).* Would you believe it, here she comes.
- Aurore.* What she ?
- Paquita.* Giroflé, in an awful state !
- Aurore.* Giroflé ! 'Tis always Giroflé !

(Enter Cousins.)

- Cousins.* Ah ! ah ! ah ! excellent, capital fun,
 'Tis no use trying,
 There's no denying,
 Never, oh never, was trick so well done.
- Giroflé.* Ah ! ah ! Be quiet, I wish you'd have done,
 My cousins' chaffing
 Has set me off laughing,
 Never have I had such glorious fun.
- Chorus.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! excellent, capital fun, etc.
- Maras.* 'Tis Giroflé !
- Mour.* 'Tis Girofla !
- Bolero.* What will become of me ?
- Aurore.* Don't fear, they all are drunk.
- Bolero.* If they're drunk, perhaps they'll see
 Two instead of one !
- Chorus.* Giroflé ! Girofla !
- Maras.* O Giroflé !
- Mour.* O Girofla, innocent flower,
 Thine eyes have struck with magic power ;
 All sad foreboding now is past,
 The blissful moment's come at last.

[Cannon.]

- Bolero.* 'Tis the gun ! Hark ! 'tis the gun !
- Chorus.* Why have they fired that gun ?
- Aurore.* The victory is ours !
- Chorus.* They all are going mad !
- Bolero.* To my arms, my children ; come both to my arms ;
 For that signal-gun has dispelled our alarms.
- Aurore.* Now retire to your rooms,
 Ye affectionate grooms,
 And your brides you soon shall see.

Maras. } Ah ! delight, soon our brides we shall see.
Mour. }
Chorus. Hark ! 'tis that gun, &c.

[*The husbands exeunt.*]

Giroflé. Say good-bye to your child.
Aurore. } Wait a moment, my child.
Giroflé. } But Mamma, he'll be wild !
Bolero. } Wait for your sister beguiled !

Enter Pedro.

Aurore. Pedro, here !
Bolero. You here, and have you brought my daughter !
Aurore. Come, tell us quick about the pirates' slaughter !
Pedro. Read this ! read what Matamore has said !
Bolero (reads telegram). " We've been smashed into a cocked hat !
 The pirates have carried Girofla off to Jericho !"
Aurore. Merciful powers ! I feel I'm dying !
Bolero. And as for me, I feel I'm dead.
Maras (opens his door). My dear mamma !
Aurore. Wait a bit.
Giroflé. But, mamma, I must go.
Mour. (opens his door). My dear papa !
Bolero. Wait a bit.

[*Exit Giroflé, running, Aurore follows her, then returns to Bolero.*]

Aurore. Quick, lock that door.

[*Bolero locks Mourzouk's door. They fall into chairs, exclaiming, I am dead !*]

Chorus. First-rate, first-rate, excellent wine, &c.

Mourzouk knocking within.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

A Summer Pavilion of Bolero's Mansion. Gallery at back, a view of the sea in the distance.

CHORUS OF RETAINERS.

Lo ! the dawn is breaking
And the sun is waking
Mortals, locked in balmy sleep,
In calm slumber deep ;
Lo ! the shades of night
Flee before the light.

Enter Paquita and Pedro.

Paquita. Awake ! awake ! and ope your eyes,
Ye lovers fond arise ! arise !
The sun has scattered love's sweet dreams,
Pedro. Then open wide your curtains thick,
Admit the morning breezes quick ;
The life-restoring sunshine beams.

[*Exeunt Chorus.*

(*They bring on breakfast.*)

Paquita. Now Pedro, bustle ! bustle ! for when the young couple come down they are sure to be hungry. (*They lay the table.*)

Pedro. How happy they must be in there !

Paquita. Yes, but there are two sides to everything. I don't envy the feelings of the dark gentleman in that room. Poor old master, too, and Madame, not a wink of sleep all night.

Pedro. I should say Aurore longed for the dawn.

Paquita. Hush ! here comes the happy pair, we are not wanted here.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Marasquin and Giroflé.

Giroflé. (*He kisses her.*) For goodness' sake be quiet.

Maras. Another kiss, sweet, it shall be the last.

Giroflé. Then it must last for ever. You've had twenty kisses ; every one you said should be the last.

Maras. Aye, but there are many kinds of lasts. The lover's last is immeasurable.

Giroflé. True, for there's no end to it, but let the flame burn slowly, that you may be the longer ere you cool. Suppose we change the topic, and discuss—breakfast.

DUO.

Giroflé. } Oh how delightful to breakfast together,
Maras. } Banishing sorrow,
 } Fearing no morrow.
Giroflé. Have done ! have done !
Maras. My own dear little wife.
Giroflé. Leave me alone—now have done !
Maras. Nearer, yet nearer, pray, my life,
 Come close to me.
Giroflé. But why ?
Maras. Come close to me,
 And I'll soon tell you why.
Giroflé. You'll soon tell me why ?
Maras. (*kisses her*). You now know why.
Giroflé. Oh how delightful, etc.
 Vastly fine, vastly fine ;
 But if we don't begin we ne'er shall finish.
Maras. Our new-born happiness let's not diminish.
Giroflé. What shall we do ?
Maras. Let's talk.
Giroflé. Of what ?
Maras. Of you—
 To me all else is hateful.
Giroflé. Now you talk nonsense indeed.
Maras. Ungrateful !
 Then let me sketch your future lot.
Giroflé. Promise I ne'er shall be forgot.

COUPLETS.

I.

Maras. Of all your wishes mindful ever,
 Your thoughts I'll read in those pure eyes :
 To please you is my sole endeavour,
 A smile from you my only prize,
 No feud shall ever mar our pleasure,
 No other e'er shall come between,
 And all shall envy me my treasure ;
 Such love as ours has ne'er been seen.
 Love without ending, love without rest—
 Love such as angels envy best.

II.

Giroflé. In thy affection still confiding,
 I'll prove an ever faithful wife ;
 Through life in peace and comfort gliding,
 You ne'er shall suffer married strife.
 And when you find me always tender,
 And e'er submissive to your will,
 Your manly pride you will surrender,
 And, come what may, you'll love me still ?

Together. Love without ending, etc.

Enter Bolero and Aurore.

Aurore. Here they are, Bolero, come along !
Maras. My dear mother-in-law, I positively adore you.
Aurore. My dear son-in-law, do be quiet, we have important things
 to talk of.
Maras. Then we will talk about it to-morrow.
Bolero. It's no laughing matter, our position is most critical.

[*Marasquin laughs.*]

Aurore. Don't laugh ! In spite of your name, Maraschino, I don't approve of your spirits.

Giroflé. Oh ! don't bottle him up, Ma ! He's above proof. Who knows, Maraschino may cure us ! Oh !

Aurore (to Maras). Yesterday Mourzouk's wife was carried off by the pirates !

Maras. What ?

Giroflé. Yes, but Matamoros promised that he would re-capture her !

Bolero. He did promise ?

Aurore. The fact is we looked upon the rescue as accomplished.

Bolero. "When you hear the cannon," said the Admiral, "you'll know that I have come up with the pirates !"

Maras. I wondered what the gun was fired for ; but now, that he has thrashed the pirates——

Bolero. But he hasn't ! They have thrashed him. (*Produces telegram.*) I have received this telegram through Reuter's Agency : "Nore Light. One o'clock. Smashed into a cocked hat. Girofla en route for Jericho. Matamoros."

Giroflé. Poor Girofla !

Maras. And Mourzouk !

Bolero. We locked him in his room, and there we left him for the night, and when we peeped through the keyhole this morning he was gone. He had smashed the looking glass, piled all the chairs up the chimney, and by these means effected his escape. However, Matamoros is in full pursuit of the pirates.

Aurore. All we have to do is to calm Mourzouk.

Maras. Not such an easy matter.

Bolero. 'Twill not be so difficult if we can let him have a glimpse of his wife.

Giroflé. He may object to a voyage to Jericho in search of her.

Aurore. My dear, he needn't go to her at all. You are here.

Giroflé. What !

Maras. Do you suppose I'd consent to my wife——

Aurore. Under the circumstances—yes !

Bolero. Think that your father-in-law's head depends upon it.

Maras. 'That is a dependency you should have provided for. I have no cover for it.

Aurore. But 'twill only be for a minute or two.

Bolero. Just let her say "My dear husband," and——

Maras. Be hanged !

QUARTETT.

<i>Aurore.</i> }	Pray have pity now,
<i>Bolero.</i> }	Pray have some compassion.
	A word from you will save us all ;
	O Marasquin, a word I trow
	Will save us from this fatal fall——
	Then, Maraschino, have some compassion.

RONDEAU.

Maras. Dear father, in spite of my affection
 For you and for my Giroflé,
 I must have time for some reflection
 Before I can to this absurd request say yea !
 Oftentimes your oldest friends will borrow,
 Your best umbrella you must lend,
 You consent then with grief and sorrow,
 For how can you refuse a friend ?
 So you lend without hesitation,
 E'en the watch from out your fob,
 And sometimes, under strong dictation,
 You have to lend five bob.
 But in all tales of Love and Mystery,
 In all I've known of married life,
 I never heard in modern history,
 Of any man who lent his wife.

All. Pray have pity, &c.

Aurore. There now, all's settled. You consent. I'll go and get everything ready for the Moors' departure, while you (*to Bolero*) remain here to receive him. [*Exit Aurore.*

Maras. But it's not settled at all.

Bolero. Yes, yes. It's all beautifully arranged.

Giroflé (to Maras.). Trust all to me. I shall not go further than "Dear Mourzouk."

Maras. I should hope not, Madam, even if it go so far.

Bolero. Hush! he comes.

Enter Mourzouk with rage.

Mour. Ha! you are surprised. At what? My calmness? I've broken enough, upset enough. I am content.

Bolero (aside). His calmness is unnatural. I should have preferred an exhibition of fury.

Mour. You have possibly some explanation to give of your behaviour. I am all attention.

Maras. (to Giroflé). Look at his face. It's positively awful.

Giroflé (to Maras.). It's like Old Moore's Almanack, full of frightful hieroglyphics, foreshadowing blood and mystery.

Bolero. I wish he'd get in a rage!

Mour. You have no explanation to give—eh!

Bolero (trembling). Yes—I was waiting till the young couple had done talking. What I am going to tell you is the truth, though it may seem rather curious to you. Marasquin will vouch for the facts (*to Marasquin*), wont you.

Maras. Oh certainly! (*Aside.*) Whatever is he going to say?

Mour. Well!

Bolero. As I remarked—(*aside*), I wish my wife were here—(*aloud*), you may remember yesterday, I went to fetch your wife. Ah, Mourzouk, what a lovely——

Mour. Well, well!

Bolero. We were arm in arm, when suddenly she turned like death and fainted. "Water," cries one; "Salt," cries another; "Vinegar," cries a third; "Put a key down her back," screams my wife. I drew the key from your door, applied it as directed. In a minute she was herself again! But, unfortunately, in taking out the key I had unintentionally locked your door; and, when we wished to open it, no key was to be found, and all the locksmiths were on strike.

Mour. But didn't it strike you that——

Bolero. Oh dear no! (*Aside.*) If he cross-questions me I am lost. (*Aloud.*) The key had slipped down Giroflé's back, and it was only this morning that we found it. (*To Giroflé.*) Was it not, Giroflé?

Mour. Giroflé! is this Giroflé?

Bolero. Of course it is. (*Aside.*) Ouf!

Mour. (to Bolero). You old rascal, not to have told me this before. (*to Marasquin*). I thought this lady was your wife!

Bolero. His wife? what an idea. She is asleep!

Mour. What, still?

Maras. (aside to Bolero). We'll drop this banter, if you please.

Bolero (to Marasquin). We must manœuvre.

Maras. So you may, but not with my wife.

Bolero. Then you must find a substitute.

Mour. (to Giroflé). Poor little dear, to keep her so long from her hubby! but never mind, we'll be revenged upon them.

Maras. But I say, what about your excursion to Brighton?

Mour. Hang the excursion and the Aquarium!

Giroflé. You'll just have time to catch the boat!

Mour. My love, I go by train at midday. 'Tis not quite the hour. Gentlemen, we would be private, leave us!

Maras. But your luggage?

Mour. Bolero, see it labelled. Be off!

Maras. And leave you with——

Bolero. His wife! nothing more natural.

Giroflé (to Marasquin). Fear nothing!

Maras. (aside). This is too much. I'll have an eye upon them.

[*Exeunt Bolero and Marasquin.*]

Giroflé (aside). Poor Marasquin, what a state he is in about nothing. As if there were any danger in leaving me with this copper-coloured barbarian!

Mour. At last they have left us to ourselves.

Giroflé (aside). I sincerely wish they had left me to myself.

Maras. (peeps in). I cannot leave them alone.

[*Bolero appears, and drags him back.*]

Mour. My pretty Girofla!

Giroflé. Don't flatter, Sir!

Mour. Sir?

Giroflé. Well, you're not a *miss*, are you?

Mour. No; 'tis you who were amiss. Come, sit beside me.

Giroflé. And you beside yourself. Nay, I should be *de trop*.

Mour. You seem, young lady, quite to have forgotten the duties of a wife—if, indeed, you ever learnt them. Do you know what you owe me?

Giroflé. Nothing.

Mour. By your leave, you owe obedience to your husband.

Giroflé. Oh, yes! but a very long credit is given to debts of that class.

Mour. I'll stand this insolence no longer!

Giroflé. There are chairs at your service!

Mour. Do you know, minx, that I am your husband, and a Moor?

Giroflé. *Amour?* Cupid must, indeed, have been blind when he took your shape. A Moor! 'Tis a pity you were not bound in Morocco.

Mour. No matter how or where we're bound, you'll find that you are booked.

Giroflé. And *closed* to you.

Mour. Come, Girofla, we must not quarrel before we have commenced to love. Come!

DUETT AND TRIO.

- Mour.* My Girofla, my bride,
Of lovely flowers the fairest,
Of precious gems the rarest,
Come hither to my side ;
We'll talk of all that's sweetest,
We'll whisper all that's meetest.
- Giroflé.* If Girofla's his bride,
Of lovely flowers the fairest,
Of precious gems the rarest,
She should be at his side.
- Mour.* To my first prayer acceding,
You can't refuse a kiss !
- Giroflé.* A kiss I can't help ceding,
A kiss to him is bliss.
- Mour.* Just one kiss !
- Giroflé.* No, no !
- Mour. and }* My Girofla, my bride, &c.
Giroflé. } If Girofla's his bride, &c.
- Mour.* My darling, to your husband dear
You show but small wish to be near.
- Giroflé.* Pray forgive my hesitation !
- Mour.* Nay, show some determination !
- Giroflé.* There's no harm in a kiss ;
To keep him in subjection,
And to simulate affection
There's no chance I must miss !
On my brow you may print a kiss !
- Mour.* Sweet guarantee of future bliss . . .

[Enter Marasquin]

TRIO.

- Giroflé.* My jealous husband here,
His time he does not waste ;
Altho' he'd nought to fear
He was right to make haste.
- Maras.* The wretch was far too near,
His arm was round her waist.
His rage I do not fear ;
I was right to make haste.
- Mour.* That stupid fellow here,
Why comes he in such haste !
My anger he shall fear,
Not a moment I'll waste !
- Giroflé (to Marasquin).* Don't leave me again !
- Mour. (to Marasquin).* You have no right here !

Giroflé. Don't exasperate yourself!

Mour. (to *Marasquin*). I don't interfere with your wife.

Maras. Query?

Mour. What?

Maras. Nothing!

Mour. I wish to be alone!

Giroflé (*aside*). A loan! I wouldn't take him at sixty per cent!

Mour. (to *Marasquin*). Alone with my wife! Go to yours, d'ye hear! go to your wife!

Maras. I am going as fast as I can. (*Noise without.*)

Mour. What's that?

Giroflé. Some people are coming.

Mour. Tell them we're engaged!

Maras. 'Tis your suite.

Mour. (*pointing to Giroflé*). Nay, here's my sweet.

Giroflé. Hark! twelve o'clock! Your expedition.

Mour. Oh hang!

Enter Chorus, Bolero, Aurore, Paquita, Pedro, &c.

CHORUS.

It is time your carpet bag to fasten.

You must hasten at my cost,

You must hasten, you must hasten,

There's not a moment to be lost.

Aurore. My son, my son, see, here's your luggage.

Maras. Well, then, good bye, a pleasant journey.

Mour. I must now make up my mind to pack,

But, trust me, I shall soon be back.

(*Chorus repeat.*)

Mour. But before I depart, I must ask your permission
Just to say a few words of adieu to my wife in addition.

I'll soon have done.

Bolero. Don't hesitate, my son.

COUPLETS.

I.

Mour. The traveller's lot is always bitter,
He leaves his home with sore regret,
But his regret is nought, I reckon,
To that which has my heart beset.
It's always hard to say farewell
To those with whom in love you dwell;
But sad his fate, ah! woe betide
The traveller who leaves his bride.

II.

Giroflé. Your sudden absence unexpected,
 I shall regret as much as you,
 But your commands shall be respected,
 And to your mem'ry I'll be true.
 I know full well you would have tarried,
 'Tis hard to leave when you're just married,
 But whatsoever you may lack
 I'll make amends when you come back.

Mour. Trust me, beloved bride, I shall never cease to mourn.

Bolero. My son, you must awhile your happiness adjourn.

Maras. And the sooner you start, the sooner you'll return.

Mour. I tremble, with rage I tremble,
 I will dissemble,
 To get me off they're in haste,
 Their manner's not much to my taste.
 I fear they'll take me for a silly,
 But I'll deceive them willy-nilly,
 For I shall at their folly scoff,
 I must dissemble till I'm off.

All. We tremble,
 We must dissemble ;
 We're rid of him for a time at least,
 The ugly, black, ferocious beast.
 Tho' he's so fierce, he's just as silly,
 And we can lead him willy-nilly,
 That we may at his folly scoff,
 We must dissemble till he's off.

Mour. Farewell, my best beloved bride.

Giroflé. Farewell, my ever trusted guide.

Mour. Farewell, brother Marasquin.

Maras. I feel I'm going to cry !

Aurore and Bolero. Farewell, good-bye, my son.

Mour. Farewell, dear Papa,
 Farewell, dear Mamma,
 I'm going to cry !

All. He's going to cry,
 Let us dissemble, etc.

[*Mourzouk exit, followed by his suite.*

Maras. At last, my own dear Giroflé, he's gone.

Giroflé. May his excursion last very long.

[*Embracing each other. Re-enter Mourzouk.*

Mour. Ha ! ha !

Bolero. He's lost the cheap train ; we shall have a breeze.

Mour. So you thought that you had cleverly got rid of me, and in my absence (*to Marasquin*) you make love to my wife. What would your wife say if she knew it ?

Maras. Oh ! I should not be afraid of *her* judgment.

Mour. Possibly not ; but you may think differently of mine. I demand satisfaction.

Maras. But I am quite satisfied.

Mour. But I am not.

Giroflé. Well, I'm quite satisfied.

Mour. Draw.

Giroflé. This is no drawing-room.

Mour. So much the better—Draw !

Maras. Thank you, I've attraction enough here. The fact is, you've been labouring under a slight mistake ; this lady is my wife.

Mour. Your wife ! you're joking ! Then I . . . (*to Bolero.*) Is this his wife ? Yes or No !

Bolero. Yes !

Mour. Then she's not my wife ?

All. Yes ! no ! yes ! no !

Mour. No ! yes ! If she is my wife, she can't be his.

Bolero and Aurore. Ah, yes !

Mour. This is too much ! Whose wife is she ?

Aurore. We will explain it all. It was not our fault. Yesterday, during the marriage of Marasquin with Giroflé——

Giroflé. That's me !

Mour. You Giroflé ? Then you are not my wife ?

Aurore and Bolero. Yes. Listen !

Giroflé. They'll divide me presently between them, and devour me.

Aurore. While the ceremony was taking place Girofla was carried off by pirates.

Bolero. The fact is we had only one daughter when you unexpectedly arrived ; and so——

Mour. You married her to me !

Maras. When but an hour before you had married her to me !

Bolero. But the affair with you, Mourzouk, was only a temporary match. We had no idea it would flare up so !

Giroflé (aside). They thought it was a Safety Match !

Mour. Then your daughter has two husbands !

Giroflé. No, I am the wife of Marasquin.

Mour. Not so, you are mine !

Maras. I beg your pardon, I have a prior claim !

Bolero. 'True ! (*To Marasquin.*) She is yours !

Mour. I tell you what it is—If I don't have her no one shall. I'll have her tried for bigamy. I'll annul both marriages.

Maras. Not mine !

Mour. Mine and yours !

Maras. No, no !

Giroflé. Send me to Turkey rather—anywhere.

[*Trumpet.*

(*Enter Paquita and Pedro.*)

Paquita. Good news ! Matamoros has arrived——

Giroflé. And Girofla?

Pedro. Yes, Girofla; and the pirates all in chains.

Giroflé (at back). Yes, yes; 'tis Girofla.

Bolero (to Mourzouk). You'll have your wife at last.

Mour. At last!

Enter Matamoros, Pirates, and Girofla.

CHORUS.

The gallant sailor Matamore
Doth here your Girofla restore,
Thanks to his valour often tried,
In Matamore we all confide!

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